

Capbot 2000

by cappyandpashy4ever

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Summary: Something's wrong about Cappy, the girls know but the boys, that's a different story. Oneshot, but guaranteed halairious!

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Melissa here! Well, I know this's kinda stupid. But oh well! Just letting you know, I've decided to drop Bijou's accent. It's still there, I'm just getting tired of writing it that way! The hamsters can be ham-humans or stay hamsters. You decide. Well, let the story begin! And if you listen carefully, there will be a hint to my next fic!

"HAMTARO!"

Hamtaro scrambled to where he had heard Bijou scream. The bathroom. Bijou's greeting was a large slap on the face.

"What is it this time, Bij?" He asked, watching her standing there and rubbing his face.

"Look!" she pointed one delicate finger at the rim of the toilet.

"Do I have to?" Hamtaro muttered, disgusted. In response, Bijou pushed Hamtaro's head until it was two inches away from the porcelain toilet bowl.

"Alright! I see it!" Hamtaro yelled, attempting to escape under Bijou's silken arms.

"What did you notice?" Bijou insisted, glaring angrily at the look of relief on Hamtaro's face.

"Umm, ok. I lied. I don't actually know what you're talking about." said Hamtarō, squeamishly.

"Then you will have to look until you see it!" Bijou screamed, wagging a French tipped fingernail at the seat.

"Do I have—" Bijou mimed dunking Hamtarō's head in the bowl. "Alright!" Hamtarō concentrated at the toilet, noticing every feature, the white glass, the shining silver handle, even the glistening clear water rippling in the bowl. It would be truly beautiful except for, well, you know.

"Have you found it?" Bijou said after what seemed like hours.

"Honestly, no." He sighed.

"The seat! Look at the seat you idiot!" she shouted.

"Oh, snap" Hamtarō mumbled, as something clicked inside his dimly lit mind.

"Wellâ€|"

"I, uh, left the seat up again." He muttered, staring at his feet.

Bijou sighed, calmly. "Sometimes I feel you're as smart as the inside of a cactus, Hamtarō."

"Hey Hamtarō!" Stan had entered the bathroom. "Could I borrow your brush? Oxnard mistook it for a seed and—" Stan had just noticed Bijou, standing quietly in the corner. A wide, annoying smile stretched across Stan's smooth face. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to interrupt your, ahem, intimate moment."

"SHUT UP!" Hamtarō and Bijou yelled, their voices in perfect harmony.

"I don't have to shut up! This is America! Ever heard of freedom of speech? I can talk about what I want, when I want! I can say that—" but before Stan could finish, he found himself an inch away from the crystal clear water of the toilet.

"Dunk and flush?" Bijou suggested.

"In three, two, oneâ€|GO!" Hamtarō lunged Stan's head forward as Bijou pulled the trigger.

"HAMTARO!" cried a very wet sounding voice.

"Wow, Hamtarō's really popular today." Oxnard said to Maxwell from the safeties of the kitchen.

"Hey Ox, what are you eating?" Maxwell questioned.

"Oh, I found a huge seed on Stan's dresser! Did you know seeds had hair?" Maxwell was just about to answer when a very "aquatic" Stan stomped into the room.

"Whoa, Stan, what's wrong? Shower too cold?" Maxwell asked without looking up from his book. Hamtaro and Bijou followed Stan into the kitchen, very satisfied smiles on their faces.

"Hey guys! What do you think of this hat my aunt sent me?" Cappy walked into the room, wearing a bright purple fishing hat.

"It's very, err, um, purple, Cappy." Stan replied, shooting an evil stare at Hamtaro and Bijou. Suddenly, all the rest of the hams entered the room, following Penelope, who was holding a seed.

"Guys! Look at this!" cried Pashmina. "Penelope's found a solid gold seed!" All the hamsters crowded around her.

"Wow!" exclaimed Oxnard with greed. "I wonder how that would taste!" and, without thinking, Oxnard reached for the seed, tore it out of Penelope's frail hands, and shoved it down his throat.

"Oxnard, you—" but Pashmina hadn't time to explain exactly what Oxnard was, for she was interrupted by a loud, high pitched squeak of horror. The hams all turned to the cause of the noise. Cappy.

"What's wrong?" Pashmina asked, staring at the green headed Cappy.

"My new hat! It's gone!" Cappy's normally pale face flushed even paler.

"Wait, how'd you change hats so fast?" Stan questioned, trying to sound like Cappy had not just screamed like a little girl.

"I was already wearing this one." Cappy said, his eyes darting around the room, looking for his purple treasure.

"Why were you wearing two hats at once?" Sandy asked.

"I, you know, thought that this one might get lonely." He said casually. He stroked his hat and muttered "don't worry, little hat, you'll never be alone, no, not while I'm around."

When Cappy noticed that all the hamsters were staring at him he uttered "I'm gonna go look for my hat" and scurried out of the room.

"Where is Cappy? He's been hours!" mumbled Boss. A while ago, Pashmina had suggested that they help Cappy look for his hat. They searched the entire kitchen six times before they retired and decided to wait for Cappy with mugs of seed juice.

"He probably got kidnapped by pirates or something." Stan remarked. But at that moment, the hams heard Cappy yell.

"C'mere guys!" The hams hurried to the hall closet, where Cappy's voice trailed from. There Cappy stood, or rather leaped. He was jumping up and down, his shiny tail wiggling with him. The hams looked up and saw the hat, precariously perched atop the highest shelf of the closet.

"How'd ya get your hat up there, Caps?" Panda stared in awe at the purple blob. But Cappy was not listening.

"Gimme a boost." He muttered, attempting to scale the shelves and merely tumbling back looking rather embarrassed. Dexter and Howdy managed to push him up onto the third shelf. Cappy climbed up two more shelves before the door shut.

THE DOOR SHUT.

"I, didn't do that." Boss said. This statement made a shiver go up their spines. Penelope attempted to wrench the door open, but it was locked shut.

"That stupid moron!" Stan announced. "He must've locked the door with his foot!"

"Stan, you're forgetting how short—" but Sandy's sentence was cut short, for at that instant, a large thump could be heard from the closet. A thump the size of one that a hamster around Cappy's size would make after falling off five shelves. This sound could only be put out of their minds by an even more terrible sound, a bone chilling, blood curdling scream. Then a flash of red light, a few more bangs, and all was still.

"CAPPY, IF YOU CAN HEAR ME, GET THE HECK OUTTA THERE!" Hamtaro shouted into the closet. Almost at once, the door clicked open, and Cappy strode out, humming a tune and looking as though he had not a care in the world.

"Who are you and what have you done with Cappy?" Stan asked.

"I am Capbot two thou- I mean, Cappy. Normal human Cappy. Don't you recognize me Sam?"

"I'm Stan, remember?" Stan told him. "Wow, that bonk on the head must've jumbled his brain!"

"Stan," Sandy said calmly, "this isn't Cappy."

"Yeah, Stan. It's some sort of cyborg Cappy." Bijou injected.

"Oakwee!"

"Penelope's right!" Pashmina agreed. "You heard what he said, Capbot."

"What are you talking about?" Hamtaro stared at the girls, looking concerned.

"This is just Cappy, see?" Stan poked Capbot. "Wow, Cappy. You are so cold. It's like you're made of metal or something. Let's get you to the fireplace."

"Maxwell," Sandy pleaded, "please try to convince them."

"Sandy, this is Cappy. That fall injured his head, He'll be back to normal in no time."

The boys took Cappy to the fireplace while the ladies waited for the room to clear.

"Okay." Bijou stated, once the girls were left. "You all know that that's not Cappy, right?" The girls nodded in agreement.

"Now all we have to do is convince the guys." Pashmina stated.

"You guys bring the boys back here," Sandy told them. "I have a hunch where I can find some proof." She sent the girls off to herd the boys back to the hall closet.

Bijou, Pashmina and Penelope walked in to the den where the boys were sitting by the fire.

"Boys" Pashmina spoke. "Sandy has some proof that-"

"Oh will you just drop it." Maxwell scolded.

"Yeah, this is just Cappy! Not a robot!" Stan snapped. "Right Cappy?"

"Well, err, umâ€¦" Capbot said in a metallic tone.

"See? Just normal, ordinary, every day-"

"Oh yeah?" Bijou interrupted. "Explain that!" she pointed to Capbot's arm, or rather, where the arm should have been. An empty hole was there instead.

"Do normal hamsters have missing arms?" Pashmina asked.

"Cappy just left his arm in the closet, we'll show you." Dexter stood up and the rest of the boys followed him out of the room.

"Well, we got them to come to the closet, at least." Bijou raised her eyebrows. When they arrived at the closet, Sandy was standing there, a large green bundle at her feet. She held up the bundle for all to see. It was Cappy, bound and gagged.

"Wow, realistic doll, Sandy." Stan said, eyeing the squirming Cappy. Sandy released Cappy, who immediately launched into explanation of everything.

"Wow, it must have a voice recorder or something." Maxwell uttered in shock.

"I'm the real Cappy!" he shouted, scuttling about the room.

"It walks too! Fancy doll, Sandy!" Hamtaro told her.

"Here's your arm, Cappy." Howdy pulled out a metal arm from the closet and inserted it into Capbot's socket. Cappy ran for Capbot and they were soon engulfed in a cloud of punches and pokes.

"Great! Now we can't tell your doll from our Cappy!" Stan uttered.

"I have an idea!" Oxnard said. "How about we tie them both to stakes and start a fire? The first one to burn up is the fake Cappy, the

second to burn, well, at least we'll know which one's the real Cappy before he dies."

"I have a better and considerably safer idea," Maxwell announced. "We'll ask them to say something that only the real Cappy would know." All the hams agreed.

"Cappy #1, tell us a secret."

"Well, one time, Stan ate all the heads of those Candy groundhogs Sandy made for Valentine's day, and he blamed Oxnard for it."

"That was you?" Oxnard stared at Stan.

"That was you?" said Sandy, doing the same. "I yelled at Oxnard for hours for that!"

"Yeah! She yelled at me for hours!"

"Well, that means Cappy #1 is the real Cappy." Maxwell stated.

"Can we burn the fake one?" Cappy asked.

"Sure." Max told him. They tipped the fake Cappy onto the fire, where it instantly melted.

"See, Max. Penelope and Pashmina and Bijou and I were all right. Hey, where is Bijou?"

"Speaking of Bijou," Stan interrupted, "Hamtaro, how about that brush?"

"What does that have to do with Bijou?" Hamtaro questioned.

"Just gimme the brush."

"It's in the bathroom, I'll get it." The first thing Hamtaro felt when he entered the bathroom were his ears splitting apart as Bijou screamed "HAMTARO!" and the sting of her hand as it collided with his face.

"Did I leave the seat up again?" Hamtaro asked, nursing his face.

"No, I just like to hit you." Bijou responded. And leaving Hamtaro lost for words, she left the bathroom, brushing her hair.

Well, another oneshot, but really funny, huh? Review please!

End
file.